

Eng. Poetry vol. 11

**A
SATYRE
AGAINST
SEPERATISTS,**

**OR,
THE CONVICTION OF
Chamber-Preachers, and other
Chismatickes contrary to the Discipline
of this our Protestant Profession.**

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A
S A T Y R E

Against

Seperatists.

I Have beene where so many *Brownists* dwell,
That there are only more of them in Hell,
Where silenc'd Ministers enow were met
To make a Synod; And may make one yet.
Their blessed liberty they vs found at last
And talk'd for all those yeares of silence past.
Like some halfe-pin'd, and hungerstarved man,
Who when he next gets victells, surfeits than.
Each Country of the World sent us back some
Like severall winds which from all quarters come,
To make a storme. As't haps its Sunday too,
And the chiefe *Rabbies* preach. To Church i'll goe
Where (that we men more patiently may heare
Nonsense) to Heaven at first hee speakes it, there
He hummes, then whispers strait, and next does roare,
Now drawes his long words, and now leaps them o're,
So various tones, that I admit'd, and said
Sure all the Congregation in him praid,
'Twas the most teadious Sould the dullest he
That ever came to Doctrines twenty three,
And nineteene uses. How he drawes his *Humme*
And quarters *Haw*, talkes Poppy and Opium!
No feaver a mans eyes could open keepe,
All *Argus* body hee'd have preach'd a sleepe
In halfe an houre. The *Wauld O Land* he cries

Luke

Lukewarmesse: And this melts the Womens eyes.
 They sob aloud, and strait aloud I snore
 Till a kind Psalm tells me the dangers o're.
 Fle'd here with this escape, bouldly toth' hall
 I venture, where I meete the brethren all.
 First there to the grave Clergie I am led,
 By whatsoever stile distinguished,
 Whether most reverend batchelors they be
 Of Art, or reverend Sophes of no degree.
 Next stand the walleyed Sisters in a row
 Nay their scaldheaded children they come too.
 And mingled' mongst these stood a gaping there
 Those few laymen that not 'oth Clergy were,
 Now they discourse, some stories here relate
 Of bloody Popish plots against the State:
 Which by the spirit, and providence, no doubt,
 The man that made hath found most strangely out.
 Some blame the King, others more modest say
 Hee's a good Man himsef, but led away:
 The woemen rip old wounds, and with their teares
 Recount the losse of the three worthies Eares.
 Away you fooles, 'twas for the good o'th men
 They nere were perfect *Rond-heads* untill then:
 But against Bishops they all raile, But I
 Said bouldly I'd defend the Hierarchy,
 Toth' Hierarchy they meant no harme at all,
 But roote, and branch, 'bout Bishops too't wee fall.
 I like a foole with reason, and those men
 With wrested Scripture, a lye Deacon then
 Thrust in his Eares, so speakes th' Apostle too:
 How speakes he friend? not I the nose like you.
 Straite a Shee-zealot raging to me came
 And said, o'th what o' you call it part I am.
 Bishops are limbes of Antichrist she cries.
 Repent quoth I good woman, and be wise.
 The Devill will have you els, that I can tell
 Beleiv't, and poach those eges o' your eyes in hell.
 An hidious storme was ready to begin,

(4)

When by most blessed fate the meate came in,
But then so long, so long a grace is led,
That a good Christian when he goes to bed
Would be contented with a shorter Prayer.
Oh how the Saints enjoy'd the creatures there!
Three Pasties in the minute of an houre,
Large, and well wrought, they roote and branch devour,
As glibly as they'd swallow'd down Church-land,
In vaine the lesser Pies hope to withstand.
On Geese, and Capons with what zeale they feed?
And wondering crie A goodly bird indeed!
Their spirits thus warm'd all the jests from them came
Upon the names of *Laud, Duck, Wren* and *Lambe*,
Cannons, and Bishops Seas, And one most wise
I like this innocent mirth at dinner cries,
Which now by one is done; and grace by two.
The Bells ring, and againe to Church we goe.
And now the Christian *Bajaset* begins;
The suffering Pulpit groanes for Israels finnes.
Sinnes which in number many though they be
And crying ones, are yet lesse loud then he:
His stretch'd-out voyce sedition spreads a farre,
Nor does he only teach but act a warre:
A sweats against the state, Church learning, fence,
Resolving to gaine hell with Violence.
Down, down as low as earth must all things goe
There was some hope the Pulpit would downe too.
Worke on, worke on good zeale, but still I say
Law forbids thrashing on the Sabbath Day.
An houre lasts the two banded Prayer, and yet
Not a kinde fillable can heaven get
Till to the Parliament he comes at last;
Just at that blessed word *historie's* past:
And here he thanks God in a loving tone
But *Laud*; and then he mounts, All is not done:
No would it were thinke I, for much I feare
That all will not be done this two houres here:
For now he comes too't, As you shall finde it writ

Repeats his text, and takes his leave of it,
 And strait to's Sermon in such furious wise
 He's made it what 'tis call'd, an exercise.
 The Pulpit's his hot bath: the brethren's cheere
 Rost-beife Mince-py, and Capon reeke out heere.
 Oh how he whips about six yeares agoe
 When superstitious decency did growe
 So much in fashion? Now he whets his fist
 Against the name of Altar, and of Priest,
 The very name in his outrageous heat
 Poore innocent *Vox ad placitum*, doth beate,

Next he cuffs out set Prayer, even the Lords,
 And binds the spirit he sayes as 'twere with cords,
 Yea with whipcords; Next must authority goe,
 Authoritie's a kind of blinder too.
 First then he intends to breath himselfe upon
 Church Government: have at the King anon.
 Nothing's don straight, in poore six minutes space
 Titus, and Timothy have lost their place;
 Nay with th' Apostles too it eene went hard,
 All their authority two thumps more had mard,
 Paul and St. Peter might expect their doome
 Knew but this frantick foole they'd bin at Rome

Now to the State he comes, talkes an alarm,
 And ath' malignant party flings his arme,
 Defies the King, and thinkes his Pulpit full
 As safe a place for't, as the Knight at Hall.
 What though no Magazeen laid in here be
 Scarce all the Guns can make more noice then he.
 Plots, plots he cries, ther's jeloussies, and feares,
 The politick Saints shake their misterious cares,
 Till time (long time which doth consume and wast
 All things) t'an end his Sermon brought at last.

What would you have good soule, a reformation?
 Oh by all meanes; but how? o' th newest fashion;
 A pretty sliight religion, cheape, and free,
 I know not how, but you may furnisht be
 At Ipswich, Amsterdames a Kingdome heere

Though to say truth you paid for that too deare,
 No matter what it costs wee'l reforme though
 The Prentizes themselves will have it so.
 They'le roote out Popery here whats' ever come,
 It is decreed, nor shall thy fate O Rome
 Resist Their Vow. They'le do't to a haire, for they
 Who if upon Shrove-tuesday or May-day
 Beat an old Baud, or fright poore whores they cou'd,
 Thought themselves greater then their founder *Lud*,
 Have now vast thoughts, and scorne to set upon
 Any whore lesse then her of *Babylon*.
 Thei'r mounted high, contemne the humble play
 Of trap, or footeball on an holyday
 In *Finesbury* Fields. No tis their brave intent
 Wisely t'advise the King, and Parliament,
 The worke in hand they'le disapprove or back
 And cry i'th reformation, What d'you lack?
 Can they whole Shopbooks write, and yet not know
 If Bishops have a right devine or no?
 Or can they sweepe their doore, and shops so well,
 And for to cleane a State as yet not tell
 No, study and experience makes them wise,
 Why should they else watch late, or early rise:
 Their wit so flowes, that when they thinke to take
 But Sermon notes, they oft new Sermons make,
 In Cheapside Crosse they *Baal* and *Dagon* see,
 Yet know 'tis gilt all ore as well as we.
 Besides since men did that gay Idoll reare
 God has not blest the herbwives trading there.
 Go on brave *Heroes*, and performe the rest,
 Increase your fame each day ayard at least,
 'Till your high names are growne as glorious full
 As the four *London* Prentises at the *Redbull*:
 So may your goodly Eares still prickant grow,
 And no bould here increase to mar the show,
 So may your Morefields pastimes never faile,
 And all the roomes about keep mighty Ale,
 Ale your own spirits to raise, and cakes t'appease

The hongry coineffe of your mistresses,
 And so rare Pajents grace the Lord-Majors show
 And none find out that those are Idolls too.
 So may you come to sleep in Fur at last,
 And some *Smectimian* when your dayes are past
 Your funerall Sermon of six houres rehearse,
 And *Taylor* sing your praise in lofty verse.
 But stay who have we next? mark and give roome
 The woemen with a long petition come,
 Mans understanding is not halfe so great,
 Th' Aple of knowledge 'twas wee first did eate.
 First then pluralities must be laid away
 Men may learne thence to keep two wives they say.
 Next schollership and learning must goe down
 Oh fie! your sex so cruell to the gown?
 You don't the kindnesse of some Schollers know,
 The Cambridge woemen will not have it so,
 Learning's the Lamp o' th Land that shines so bright
 Y'are not soimmodest to put out the light
 This is a Conventicle trick. What's next
 Oh with the Churches solemne forme thei'r next,
 The signe o' th Crosse the forehead must not beare
 'Twas only they were borne to plant signes there.
 No Font to wash native concupiscence in,
 You like that itch still of orignall sin.
 No solemne rights of Buriall must be shown,
 Pox take you, hang your selves, & then youle none.
 No organ Idoll with pure Eares agree,
 Nor Anthemes, why? nay aske nor them nor me,
 Ther's new Church Musique found instead of those,
 The womens sighs tun'd to the teachers nose.
 No Surpleffes, no? why? why none d'you crave?
 Thei'r rags of *Rome*, I thinke what you would have,
 You'd preach I troe, Why do so, ther's no doubt
 A fitter preaching age you'le nere find out:
 You've got the spirit, you've fiery tongues it's true,
 And by your talke they should be double too.

Oh

Oh times, oh manners ! when the Church is made
 A prey, nay worse a scorn to ev'ry trade,
 When ev'ry Tyler in his popular rage
 (The Ages greatest Curse) enforces the Age,
 When reason is for Popery suppress'd
 And learning counted Jesuitism at least,
 When without bookes Divines must studious be,
 And without meat keep hospitality,
 When men gainst ancient Father's rev'rend sayes
 The many headed beast *Smectimus* raise
 That *Hidra* which would grow still, and encrease,
 But that at first he met an *Hercules*,
 When the base rout the Kingdomes dirt, and sinke,
 To cleanse the Church and purge the Fountaines, thinke,
 Such as whilst they might living waters take
 Drinke Belgian ditches, and the Lemnian lake,
 VVhen'th Liturgy, which now so long hath stood
 Seal'd by five reverend Bishops sacred blood
 Doth passe for nonsense, and but potage thought,
 Pottage from Heav'n like that to *Daniel* brought,
 Their broaths, have such weede mixt, and made so hot,
 The Prophet's tonnes cry out, death's in the pot.

Oh Times, oh manners ! But methinks I stay
 Too long with them; Take thus much for this day:
 Hereafter more, for since we now begin
 You'll find we've *Muses* too as well as *Prinns*.



FINIS.

